



... do the small things well and greater things
will be asked of you...

May the Peace of Jah, and assurance in your chosen Tao manifest itself to you as you seek the fulfillment of your true potential and actuality, becoming your true authentic self. Do not look outward upon your reflection in the mandella-like eyes of others, nor dare compare yourself to others, greater and lesser. For no one knows their true place under this veil of illusion and shadows, and most intricate karmic tapestry of being. Be quiet there, listen until there is no sound. Mind your thoughts, be they optimistic or pessimistic, good or bad; however they do, like Jung's archetypes of Mother and Father, Hermit and Shrew.

The visions of fairy tales or that seductive pull of what Freud described merely as the "Id" which beckons you and spurs you on with testosterone and anandamine produced in the brain by chocolate, sex and cannabis. Or be it the strong influence of Freud's "Super Ego"; the voices and admonishment of all who have crossed your path and left behind your scars and blemishes. Or perhaps affected by what Freud would call the "subconscious" which holds the wealth of truth and insight that, for your own well being, may even have to be kept from your Self.

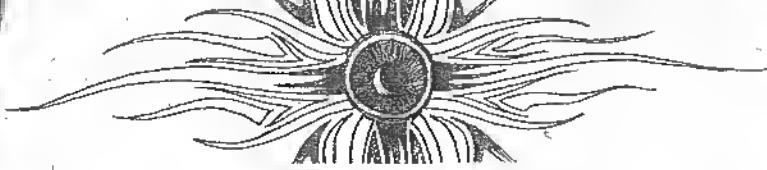
However noisy all these competing forces and passions keeping up their clatter, be it compulsion or enlightenment, these neuron patterns become silent if half the arching judgement is quiet, whether in the seat of judgement itself, or mostly, it seems, because it is never allowed to speak.

It sits, not as Freud may have you believe, as the "Ego", constantly in-need-of-stimuli and nourishment to pump its Self up. That is simply your Pride. Being proud of who you are is important, but, the seat of the soul, which has always existed in this cosmology, and needn't quit its existence ever, constantly rebirthing as a creative act of Will in a state of perpetual forgetfulness seeking again and again to recall:

"That which is greater than can be conceived.
The whole which is far greater than the sum
of its parts."

Chopping wood, carrying water
before enlightenment.
Chopping wood, carrying water
after enlightenment.

John "Flash" Gordon



SO YOU SAY LIFE IS A BOWL OF CHERRIES? QUITE TRUE.
IN THE MANNER THAT SOMEONE ELSE HAS ALREADY PICKED
THEM FROM THE TREE. SO WHAT GIVES? TO BE LOCKED WITHIN
OUR CUBED MAZE. "ATTRACTION! IT'S ALL ATTRACTION!"

Nothing draws a crowd like a crowd, the magnetic pull of masses
of energy in collaboration with one another. AND HOW A CLOUD
RESEMBLES AN AMOEBA. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS RUB SHOULDERS
AND MULTIPLY AND MULTIPLY AND MULTIPLY AND MULTIPLY AND MULTIPLY
WE'VE MULTIPLIED TO THE POINT WHERE THE MIRACLE OF LIFE
BECOMES MORE LIKE A MISTAKE OR ACCIDENT OR LIFE.

LEARN SOME SELF CONTROL.

Broken and silenced, the voices of millions are tossed
aside towards the cesspool which we've evolved from FORCED TO
RETURN TO OUR ROOTS IN AN ATTEMPT OF REALIZING OUR MISTAKES

THROUGH REPEATNG THEM.
Walking through the museum of our existence just like the Louvre.
BEAUTIFUL AND COLD, AND YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO TOUCH
ANYTHING. We're jumping from foot to foot, look but don't touch, touch
but don't taste, and taste but don't swallow. (and he's up there,
laughing his sadist ass off) I AM A FAN OF MAN.

Through chemical reactions, creating from our encoded DNA.

The intricacies that reflect the micro and macrocosms that lie before our
vision but we can never begin to understand.

The vastness of our claustrophobia....
One of my eyes was fatally claustrophobic. We'd go into our
old high school cafeteria and she'd just seize up and stop
breathing. But she still needed food. Decisions, decisions.
So we hopped in an IV and maintained some opium to kick her
into a psychedelic haze of a sedating nature. TRAPPED
INSIDE A KALEIDOSCOPE OF NATURAL ESSENCE, AS IF OUR
CONSCIOUSNESS IS PROPELLED BY A FORCE CREATED WITHIN
A FORCE.

Flashbacks from before the womb beyond the creation, leaping
into the web of life; learning the stoneplay of monkeys from miles away.
IF THERE'S REALLY AN INTRICATE GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS WITHIN A SPECIES,
HOW DE-EVOLVED ARE WE THAT WE'VE BLATANTLY LOST IT? maybe it's
because we rely on mechanisms like religion to blind understanding
and perception.

SO HOW DO WE BEGIN TO PULL OURSELVES BACK? IS IT

POSSIBLE TO FOLLOW A BREADTRAIL LONG EATEN? TO FOLLOW A PATH
OF MEMORIES BACKWARDS? And memory is horribly unreliable.
They can change the size of a room or the color of a car.

Memories are distorted, and irrelevant against the facts

So where does that leave us? Right where we started.

Ask Adam - WHAT IS GOD?

Well, I was asked this auspicious question recently, so I figured since this the first blurb to the blooming minds of modern society, I would indulge in satisfying a common curiosity; what is God? In order to view such an obviously arguable question as quickly as possible, please believe nothing of this, but be open to it momentarily. First, to set aside confusing near-homonyms, let me assume the contemplator isn't speaking of the Annunaki / Nephilim extra-terrestrial "Gods" who ruled the world until the fall of Chaldea, known by many names in many lands. Neither am I going to mention the Satanic God who was exiled here as a jail sentence for attempting to overtake the previously mentioned "Gods", later known as The One True God, which modern monotheistic religions worship.

The principal the intellectual mind is grasping for in its symbiotic relative experience in its universe is **the Principal of the Atom**. The Atomic Principal created the entire known universe, composed the source-bits for all things, and is literally Omnipresent. The Child of God is Hydrogen. It composes three quarters of elemental matter, which is inconceivably great in total mass; and since it's atomic brethren differ only in weight, one particle at a time forming new atoms, Hydrogen may easily be seen as the true Son of the Atom.

See... in the beginning, there was just a "nucleus". Not the 'big bang' lie we're told, but the 'big nuclear-like reaction'. The "nucleus" is most likely only "still" momentary, with an unstable arrangement of atomic stuff, and its own criticality causes it to split at the equatorial plane releasing intense energy which radiates from the center like a pogo-ball. I call this the 'pogo-ball effect', but modern science calls it 'radiation belts', or 'van Allen belts'. Now, the deal is at this point, as the energy is radiated outwards, looking like a pogo-ball as energy radiates out the center, the radiation mass and the gravity of the original "nucleus" form a gravitational attraction pulling the radiated energy back into the equatorial center of gravity of the "nucleus". This causes the 'whirling' effect as the energy is radiated outwards as hydrogen atoms. As the "nucleus" radiates its energy, and the energy orbits the particle outwards, it begins to cool. As it cools even slightly, radiating away from the source of heat, atoms of hydrogen fuse in trace amounts to form Helium, the nuclear-reaction of which causes miniature spirals, or eddies, within the spiraling projection, and a chain of atomic activity, cooling even further as it spins away from the source - small wheels within a wheel. Its force of expansion is reduced as it extends further from the Source and cools; density of the elemental matter quickening likewise, forming now lithium... beryllium then boron, quickening, and chemically storming, until at the edges of the reaction, inside an eddy, at the 'halt point' of this nuclear fission, lies the Milky Way Galaxy filled with condensed atomic particles of heavy metal, and inside it our meager little sun and its satellite aggregate. We exist in the manifest potential on the edge of a Nuclear-like Reaction; where force, distance from source, and compounding of mass cause a pendulum's rest; the Now, within the pause of the Breath of Brahma, that our microscopic lives are lived.

The play then of atoms in their densification to the apparent chemical reactions to us, is just nature's way. Chemical reactions lead to RNA enzymes, which still perform chemical reactions but also store information, to DNA which store information much better. The Earthen prehistory then of how our naturally occurring DNA evolution was sped by a race of Humanoids from a planet in the far reaches of our solar system... I feel a different matter all together. It was nice of them, in my humble opinion, for we exist today as a result, but we would have in time became ourselves anyways, as in time we shall also become them as they share the same DNA as earth critters did as; simply more evolved.

Is consciousness an evolved byproduct of DNA? No. What We Humans call consciousness is indeed, for the most part, a byproduct of the evolved intelligence of our DNA. Consciousness is a byproduct of that which precedes even Source, or our original "nucleus". Human logic would perceive the probability of our Source "nucleus" being one of many. Mystical indicatius are that Source and its emanations are all one consciousness experiencing itself subjectively (to borrow from Bill Hicks), and all the way from the atomic-emanation of hydrogen from Source, all the way to the manifest elemental physical creatures suspending hydrogen atoms; no level of creation escapes God, the great watcher of the Breaths of Brahma, the Consciousness of Source itself which is within every hydrogen atom, every strand of DNA, every photon of light, every enzyme and protein, vegetation, creature... the scientists suspending a hydrogen atom, the chamber and room which they're in, and the hydrogen atom - staring back at itself through the scientists as a suspended particle of its being.

Please email questions involving the relatively unknown or mysterious to the editor; ATTN: Ask Adam

Using the following words and short phrases that begin with **S** describe themselves
please enter a number from 1 to 5 in the preceding scale box [] that best describes
each you should rate yourself on these items.

I BELIEVE THAT I AM

• Definitions of these words and phrases are available in the Definition Guide. •

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There once were these two men, whom, after traveling through the woods for days, came upon the shore of a large lake. The men, exhausted from their journey, decided this to be a good location to take a break and threw their supplies down to relax.

When the conversation grew dry, they took to throwing stones into the wavering shoreline.

The one man merely grabbed whatever stone was available to him and tossed them randomly, while the other began to seek out the flatter of the stones, so that he could skip them across the surface of the lake. He eventually took to foraging the area for choice rocks, which would hopefully travel farther, and skip more times.

It was then that he noticed a nearly perfect rock near the foot of his companion, whom indirectly picked it up and lobbed it into the lake, with such a trajectory that it splashed down with the increased weight. He then saw another choice rock near his companion, which he again grabbed up without noticing, and lobbed it into the water. The rock was so thin it cut through the surface of the lake with very little splash at all.

This was too much for the man to take, and he finally spoke up.
"How come you keep wasting all those perfectly good skipping rocks?"
His companion simply replied, without much thought at all,
"How come you keep skipping all those perfectly good splashing rocks?."

Mr. Morder

...outward digression....



it's just the fact that a lot of people don't know how to cope with society. it was s one before it was a four. circulatory excellence of the mind. fuck that shit. fuck the blood stream... lushing it up with tinfoil around their pants

Civil

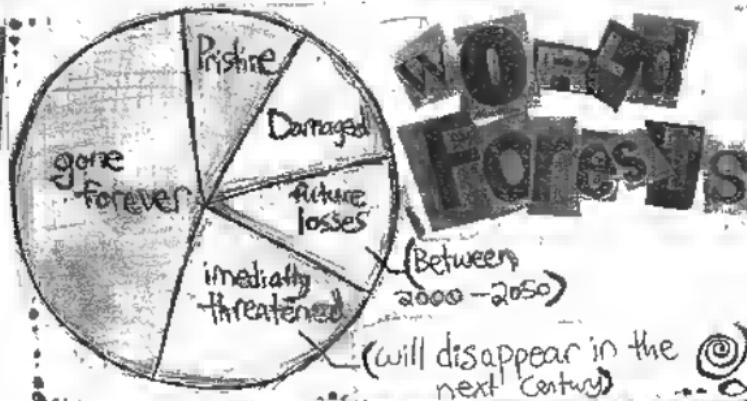
A sterile mind is only cleansed of abstract thought but it is still burdened by seeking the deeper meaning of things that shouldn't be explained.

the collective power of the
fuck proper etiquette

the brain doesn't know excuse me's and politeness
the brain doesn't know etiquette because the brain functions with out rules. how much have we lost because of etiquette?
look at the penny
consider the metaphysical—the half-veiled.

home dry home

and they learned it's not what you do, it's what you don't do.



the only man we should be damning is the middle man,
he is the one who stands in our way of progress,
he stops us from getting things done,
he steals the time, energy and money we devote for things we feel important,
he always has to take his share,
he steals his share because
he needs to be paid for work he does,
work i could of done for myself with way less cost,
but still due to my laziness i'm sending money to make this man rich,
this is precisely the same position the government takes regarding taxation,
i pay them my taxes to provide me with the necessities such as
healthcare
and highways and water and they seem to be giving less of this
and giving more to themselves

I've made a mental note today, for another day is breaking down with life rising from the darks. It almost seems to see the bad like this, of dazed soil and broken rocks. To think about my next move, makes better faces rise in my mind's eye. I'm alone again, besides my rifle, and again my weapon seems to embrace my safety. As the days turn old, it's hard not to notice those watching my every step, it's hard not to notice these lives left violated.

It is easier to say the best, my Seller concedes here soon better days, and yet a fear for their haven. I shivered during a late night meeting, as reluctant as I am, the truth is I cannot speak about my experience. I cannot pretend, while assuming my position in line, the toward one man can create, for me and those alike. I have begun to question my dignity and question the questions that break my endless sleep. I now left doubting as I march forward for a better tomorrow. Today though, I sit amongst the graves of never-ending dangers. Today I cannot say I am alone, I am standing tall, dictated chapter, better chance. About Robert Liver



This is the time when we accept the notion of our own sick depression, and that we allow our minds to be pulled over the game board of life, like mindless drones working under close eye supervision, slowly moving along the conveyor belts. Bent. Broken. Completely lost inside our own demise.

Tied
up
Waydown
Inside
It Shows
I Feel
I got
Murdered
by your
Gun
shots
Alone

I rot
I know
I grow
Pitiful
In this
Blood shed
Tonight
for you.

July 28/05 - Monday - 0843:27 PM

I've been clinically depressed since the age of six... I've been on parax, zoloft, effexor, and others. I'm supposed to still be on zoloft and effexor right now, actually, but, better than any zill is doing something with my life, and you're reading it right now.

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seeking more vessels of creativity.

THINK FOR YOURSELF, QUESTION AUTHORITY, YELL IT OUT LOUD SO THAT WE CAN HEAR YOU, FIND YOU, AND SHUT YOU UP.

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... ONWARDS, DOWNWARDS

BY STEPHEN NORLEY

evolution occurs through the victimS